

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

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VOL. I.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—GRAY.

SPALATINBEG.

A DALMATIAN ROMANCE.

Translated for the Minerva by L. N.

[Spalatinbeg is a traditional poem of the Morlachs in Dalmatia; a national romance in the Slavonian language, preserved in the memories of the people. It is divided into triplets, and is generally sung by two voices alternately, to an extremely monotonous air, which, however, affects the Morlachs even to tears.]

The four and twenty grandsons of Spalatinbeg were assembled below the high walls of Zetim. They gazed on the fortress of their ancestors in deep silence: for it had now become a refuge to the cruel Pervan, the chief of a thousand fierce marauders, who had descended with him from the summits of Zuonigrad, attended by curses and execrations. After having ravaged the fields of Castelli, and carried away the daughters of the banks of the Zermagna, the bandit had surprised the ancient castle in the obscurity of a stormy night.

The shouts of the assailants, and the screams of the victims were lost in the roar of the elements, as the murmur of rapid waters in their fall, that shakes the valley with echoes. But at sunrise, two hundred heads thrown from the ramparts to the fosse, had witnessed the visitation of the stranger upon the tribe of Spalatinbeg.

Brave Ishar, the son of the old Bey, had fallen with his men; but the terrible expression of his features was a proof that he had not been slaughtered like a sleeper, but had sold his life dearly. His daughter, the lovely Iska, the only sister of four and twenty brothers, had been secured by Pervan; and now, as her brothers listened, they fancied they heard the voice of the captive dove complaining in the grasp of the vulture. They fixed their eyes on the inaccessible walls; they meditated vengeance, but dared not hope for it; and some smote their breasts furiously, and accused heaven of having deserted innocence and valour. Others stretched themselves on the earth, and with their teeth champed the sand. The youngest were but weak and innocent children, and there wept.

The aged Bey came forward: his heart was filled with the bitterest of grief for the loss of his son, and the fate of his son's daughter, whom he loved beyond all expression. The father of the tribe passed through the mute crowd of his children. He departed from among them, with white locks about his head, like the pale vapours around the wintry moon. His snowy beard fell to his belt. The hanzar* was hid in the folds of embroidered cloth wrapped around his waist, and the guzla† hung by his scarf.

With a step still firm, he mounted the dangerous steep that, for eighty years, had been under his laws; and he stopped

before the impenetrable palisade of the gardens of Zetim. There he untied the melodious guzla; and striking the chords with a bold hand, he began to sing. He sung the victories of the famous Bey Skender,* who freed Epirus from the terrors of the sultan, the delights of home, and the sorrows of the exile: wild screams of grief were the burden of his song: for the song of mourning of the Morlachs is like the cry of the white eagle, who flies round and round, and falls with a piercing shriek on the sea-ward point of the promontory of Lissa, when she sees an immense surge impelled by the winds, and covered with surfy foam, dashing its horrid crest above the nest of her eagles.

The soldiers of Pervan listened without suspicion; (for they understood not the divine language of the old man) the chords of the guzla had never been struck at the feasts of their fathers. They stared, they inquired, they exclaimed; they endeavoured to imitate what they heard, by discordant noises, and contorted gestures. The captives heard the songs; one repeated them to another, till they all prostrated themselves; they rose, and moved in a circle; they paused, and again bowed, and ran in opposite directions with loud outcries.† By degrees they crept nearer, encouraged by the intoxication of their guards, whose souls, now opened to the power of song, were overcome by the pleasing novelty.

The beautiful Iska was dressed in a crimson robe, embroidered with gold, and fastened by clasps of coral; for she had been compelled to clothe herself in rich attire. Over her robe her hair fell in long ringlets, black as the plumage of the ravens of Nona; a band of gems encircled her neck, and sparkled on her bosom.

Iska knew the voice of her grandsire; her hair floating on the winds, she ran, and linked her white arms to the close bars of iron that surrounded the high gardens of Zetim. The old Bey took her hand, and drew her nearer. His eyes brooded over her with yearning fondness. He renewed his song:

"Alas, for thee!" he said; "this is not such a day as that, when songs of rejoicing, while thy father wept for joy and love, told to thy race that a daughter was born to them. Weep for the warrior who has been cut off from his children; weep for their sorrows, and for the old man, surviving the honour of his ancestry, as a sterile oak spared by the axe of the woodman because of its age: weep with me for the beautiful Iska, the flower of my life, the hope of my old age, that foresaw not this day; weep for that poor maiden who will never be led as a bride to the altar, for she must die!"

The soldiers gathered around in surprise and astonishment, but Iska, now that she knew her fate, turned upon them a glance more sweet than the manna flowing from the ash-trees of Calovaz. The old man, throwing down the guzla, disengaged his formidable hanzar; and Iska, whose hand he no longer held, and who stood before a space between the bars, offered her breast to the sword, and smiled upon him. The blow of the unhappy Bey was sure, but he could not kiss her ere she fell, so close planted

was the palisade of lances around the ramparts of Zetim.

He descended from the height slowly. Who dare attack him? And slower as the windings of the path took him farther from the enemy, for his mighty heart was weakened by the sacrifice he had made, and he wished for death. Two darts reached him without overthrowing him: one broke in his broad chest, the other trembled a long while in his powerful arm; his blood flowed unheeded, and thus he arrived among his children. The sun was setting, the huge towers of Zetim standing between his rays, and the plain covered it with a long dark shadow. "Victory!" said the old Bey; "victory, ye Spalatins! she is delivered from the tyrants! she is dead; and behold the hanzar that slew her!" His strength failed him, and he sunk senseless on the ground.

When informed of the loss of Iska, Pervan raged through the mountain like some she-wolf, whose young have been slain by the hunter, when not one is left. He exclaimed to his followers, "To horse! let swift vengeance overtake her assassin!" The gates of Zetim grated on their hinges, the draw-bridges rattled under the hoofs of horses; the din of preparation rung through the night air like distant thunder.

Suddenly incandescent fires kindled the habitations of the Morlachs into blazing flames. The banditti, like demons, were seen passing from fire to fire, and emerging from the conflagration. With loud lamentations, the women and children began a timorous flight; the older pressed in their arms the images of protecting saints, and the younger carried amulets to heal the wounds of the soldiers. The old Bey arose from his bloody mat as the unknown lights reddened the horizon. His recollection returned; "it is well," cried he; "it is the vengeance of Pervan."

"Ye Spalatins!" he continued; "the groves of Castelli are no longer ours; gird tightly your belts around your loins, and fasten on your feet buskins that have never been used, for the way of the exile may be long and weary. Ye must leave behind you the mountains of Novigradi, known by their pointed and irregular summits against the sky, and the towers of Zemonico, that beacon of wandering tribes. Long and patiently must ye trace the solitary boundaries of Aseria. There formerly flourished a family, celebrated for their sons' success in war, and for the number of their bondsmen. One house stands alone and desolate in the spot of their former greatness. Thence ye will see a groupe of enchanting isles, blest with the brightest gifts of the sun; for the bowers of Zeni wave to the zephyrs as the bosom of a maiden heaves with sighs; and the white hills of Capri are like young lambs reposing on tender verdure. But stop only on the hospitable shores of Parga, when the free barks of the fishermen will receive you, for that people are independent, making the sea their home, and have never been subjected to the yoke of the invader. Only go, O my children! snatch yourselves from slavery; from the humiliation of saluting the victor; and let that be your country, and that only, where ye can be free: this lesson was I taught by my fathers. As for me, I command you not to encumber the sad convoy with the body of the

dying warrior. Leave me, as I am, on the threshold of the last abode of my ancestors; for I count more friends among the dead than among the living."

As he spoke, his strength again failed; and his four and twenty children, reverent in their disobedience, placed him on a litter of crossed leaves, covered with foliage. Then they silently descended by the paths least practicable to the cavalry of the enemy, while the troop of Pervan were rolling sheets of vivid flame from village to village. When the fugitives paused to rest, they turned to take a last farewell of their paternal roof, and they knew their natal halls by the extent of their burning ruins. Vainly, however, did their venturous rashness and their knowledge of the country facilitate their escape, for their pursuers, mounted on fleet steeds, by rapid circuits continually gained on the short space they had won by useless fatigue.

Twice the dawn had chased the shadows of the eastern mountains, and twice the dark squadron of Pervan had reappeared there in a whirlwind of dust, which mingled with the mists of the morning. Sometimes their pursuit being favoured by an easy descent, or a broad plain, their resounding steps reached the ears of the flying Spalatins. Sometimes there was nothing between them but the ravine, dark with craggy horrors; the thick copse, through which no openings were perceptible; or huge rocks fallen from above, and hanging over declivities. Such was the threatening mass that menaced the defile of Parga. Below it, on one side, is a hazardous and fearful path, with scarcely sufficient footing to allow of descent; and on the other, a plain of light, shining sand extending down to the sea. Over the distant hills in front, the whiteness of the shore cannot be distinguished from the whiteness of the waves that break upon it.

Life was fast wavering from the aged Bey; but the hurry and alarm of danger excited his attention: he arose, and gazed astonished at the span already traversed, and he saw the approaching peril, for the horsemen of Pervan had reached the heights above him, and the dust of their track fell on the turbans of the brethren of Iska.

"My children," said the Bey, "ye have disobeyed, for the first time, the chief of the tribes of Kotar, but it was in the pious hope of prolonging his days. May the favour and forgiveness of heaven descend upon you! But, now, place me there—at the edge of the rocks, from which I can extend my vision over the plain below, and the broad sea; so shall my experience direct you to safety." They did as he had commanded them. Then he continued in a mild but authoritative voice, as he looked from the pinnacle:—"I see we have arrived at the defile of Parga; Parga! which is as impatient for your arrival as a swarm of bees separated from their queen by the first drops of a summer shower. Already the barks of the fishermen spread their triangular sails, and skim over the swelling waves; they will give you the protection of their flag, which is free, and shelters the unfortunate. What, O my children! would become of our tribe, if disunited? And with what right could we partake of the hospitality of the islanders, if we should not give them in ex-

* A large cutlass, the scabbard ornamented with false stones. It is mostly pronounced hanzar.

† A musical instrument, in shape like the guitar, the chords of horse hair.

* Scanderbeg.

† This is an exact and simple description of the singular dance of this people.

change, vigilant pastors and courageous warriors? Meanwhile, time flies; and lo! the troop of Pervan cover the plain; the only passage left you for carrying the wounded chieftain is closed. I am mortally wounded," said he, tearing away his bandages; "your efforts for me would only risk you all. Listen to what I shall tell you: follow the narrow path below the rock; no one can go down it impeded by the least burthen. It will conduct you to your wives and children, who now tremble lest the enemy have overtaken you. Descend, and leave me!"

But the warriors, mournful and silent, moved not. Observing their hesitation, the heroic Bey, with great exertion, sprang from the litter, called upon Iskar and Iska, with his eyes upraised to heaven, and leaped from the precipice!

This generous devotedness was the salvation of the tribe, and caused the prosperity of Parga; for the descendants of Spalatinbeg still honour it by their greatness and valour. And the story of the Bey, Spalatin, the death of his child, and the deliverance of his race, is the most beautiful ever sung to the guzla.

DE FORVAL, AND THE PRINCESS BETSY.

[From De Vaux's History of Mauritius and the neighbouring islands.]

The want of slaves, in our colonies, renders expeditions necessary, in order to procure them. Vessels, therefore, are equipped for the coasts of Africa, and Madagascar: and a certain body of troops are sent with them, to favour or support the objects of these voyages.

Forval was ordered to command a detachment, on a service of this nature, on the coast of Madagascar: and, being arrived on the eastern side of it, he disembarked his people; and encamped them on the small island of St. Mary, called by the natives Ibrahim, which is separated only from the principal island by a very narrow strait. Here the communications took place between the persons engaged in this expedition and one of the petty princes of Madagascar, relative to the objects of the voyage.

Forval, however, was so entirely convinced of the good disposition of the people with whom he treated, that he yielded to the friendly solicitations of the king, to remain among them; and, accordingly, ordered some tents, and a small number of soldiers, to remove from the little island to the opposite coast. The king, who was called Adrian Baba, loaded him with caresses; and, having shown him his head of cattle, demanded, in the pride of his heart, if the king of France was so great as him?

Forval, therefore, considered himself as in a perfect state of security: and, having entered into his tent, in order to pass the night, he received an unexpected visit from a most beautiful woman, a native of the island; who, after a short compliment of apology for her intrusion, expressed her concern that so fine a white man as himself should be massacred.

Forval, who was astonished at the visit, could not help taking notice of the danger which seemed to have produced it. The sooty lady, who appeared to interest herself so much in his welfare, was the daughter of a king, and known by the title of Princess Betsy. On being questioned as to the cause of this visit, she asked him in her turn, if he would wish to sacrifice her life, to save his own. "By no means!" exclaimed Forval. "Then," replied she, "I will inform you of a plot formed against your life. If you will promise to take me with you, and make me your wife, I will sacrifice, for you, the throne of my father, which is my inheritance; I will abandon my country, my friends, my customs, and that liberty which is so dear to me. My relations, who will consider me as dishonoured,

will detest me: and, if you leave me to their vengeance, I shall be reduced to slavery; which, to me, would be a thousand times worse than death. Promise to grant what I have demanded; swear that your soldiers shall do no injury to my relations; and I will reveal what it is of the utmost importance for you to know." Forval immediately engaged to grant her request, if the intelligence she announced proved to be of the importance she had attached to it.

"Well, then," said she, "at break of day, my father will come here, under the pretext of a friendly visit; and, if he breaks a stick which he will hold in his hand, that will be the signal of thy death; his guard will then enter with their hatchets, and will kill thee, and all thy people will be massacred with thee!"

Forval immediately conducted her to a place of safety. Nevertheless, he was determined to wait till the morning, and ascertain the truth of her information. The Princess had also added, that the signal the king would give for his attendants to retire, would be to throw his hat towards them.

He accordingly ordered his soldiers to remain under arms during the night, and to keep within their tents. As for himself, he got his arms in readiness; placed a couple of pistols under the covering of his table; and dozed by the side of it, with his hand on the pistols.

At length, the king arrived; and, soon after, having broke his stick, the guard was advancing to the front of the tent: but the king, terrified at the pistol which Forval held to his throat, cast his hat towards his attendants, who immediately departed. The small party of soldiers which Forval had with him were now drawn up in order of battle. All the negroes had disappeared: the king alone remained as a prisoner; nor was he enlarged, till the princess was embarked, with all the equipage, and Forval felt himself happy in departing from this perfidious coast. Nor was he ungrateful: he solemnly espoused the Princess Betsy, in spite of all the remonstrances of his friends, and he lives happily with her. Her colour was certainly displeasing to the white people, and her education did not qualify her to be a companion to such a man as her husband; but her figure was fine, her air noble, and all her actions partook of the dignity of one who was born to command.

She was a real Amazon, and the dress she chose was that which has since received a similar name. She never walked out, but she was followed by a slave; and armed with a small fowling-piece, which she knew how to employ with great dexterity, and would defend herself with equal courage if she were attacked. She was nimble as a deer, though stately in her demeanour; but, with her husband, as gentle and submissive as the most affectionate of his slaves. She behaved to her inferiors with equal dignity and kindness; and she never went to the most distant part of the island, to pay visits to her family, but on foot: she nevertheless adopted the elegances of behaviour with great facility; and her society is very pleasant, and full of vivacity.

Some years after her marriage, the Princess Betsy, for she was seldom called Madame De Forval, gave her husband a new proof of her affection.

Her father at length died; the kingdom descended to her; and her people, who were ardently attached to the blood of their kings, anxiously wished to see her on the throne of her ancestors. As soon as she was informed of this event, she requested permission of her husband to visit her country.

Though such an unexpected request astonished Forval, he did not hesitate to comply with it: and, as she did not unfold the reason of such a desire on her part, he felt his pride mortified at her conduct;

though he kept his chagrin to his own bosom, of which it was a painful inmate.

The first sentiments of Forval, respecting his Princess, had been instigated by honour and gratitude; but her demeanour towards him; her conduct towards others; and her personal charms, in which her colour was forgotten; had awakened in his heart the most faithful and tender affection.

The Queen Betsy, however, departed for her kingdom, as soon as she had received permission of her own sovereign; while Forval was totally unable to reconcile the step she had taken to her former sentiments and past conduct. He accordingly waited, with the utmost impatience, for the return of the vessel which had taken her away; when, to his great astonishment, his faithful wife returned in it, with a hundred and fifty slaves, which she had brought him. "You had the generosity," she cried, on throwing herself into his arms, "to marry me, in opposition to the wishes of your friends, and the prejudices of your country, when I had nothing to offer you but my person: whose charms, whatever they might have been considered in my own country, were calculated rather to disgust, than to please you. You will, therefore, add another proof of your kindness, by assuring me of your pardon, for having raised a single doubt in your mind respecting the affection and duty you so entirely deserve from me: but it was my wish to avoid informing you of the project I had conceived on my father's death, till it was executed. It was not the little kingdom which that event transferred to me, nor even the largest empire, that would separate me from you: my sole design in the step I have just taken, was to make you an offer of a small number of my subjects, which is the only part of my inheritance that I can bestow. I have, at the same time, complied with the wishes of my people, in resigning my little sovereignty to the most worthy of my relations."

Such a scene may be more easily conceived than described! Thus, Forval found his wife worthy of all his affection; and the present she made him, is a sort of fortune in this country.

THE BIRD CATCHER AND HIS CANARY.

In the town of Cleves, an English gentleman was residing with a Prussian family, during the time of the fair. One day, after dinner, as the dessert was just brought on the table, the travelling German musicians, who commonly ply the houses at these times, presented themselves, and were suffered to play; and just as they were making their bows for the money they received for their harmony, a bird-catcher, who had rendered himself famous for educating and calling forth the talents of the feathered race, made his appearance, and was well received by the party, which was numerous and benevolent. The musicians, who had heard of this bird-catcher's fame, begged permission to stay; and the master of the house, who had a great share of good nature, indulged their curiosity, a curiosity indeed in which every one participated; for all that we have heard or seen of learned pigs, asses, dogs, and horses, was said to be extinguished in the wonderful wisdom which blazed in the genius of this bird-catcher's canary. The canary was produced, and the owner harangued him in the following manner, placing him upon his fore-finger:

Bijou, jewel, you are now in the presence of persons of great sagacity and honour; take heed you do not deceive the expectations they have conceived of you from the world's report: you have got laurels: beware then with erring: in a word, deport yourself like the bijou—the jewel of the canary birds, as you certainly are.

All this time the bird seemed to listen, and indeed, placed himself in the true at-

titude of attention, by sloping his head to the ear of the man, and then distinctly nodding twice, when his master left off speaking; and if ever nods were intelligible and promissory, these were two of them. That's good, said the master, pulling off his hat to the bird. Now, then, let us see if you are a canary of honour. Give us a tune:—the canary sung. Pshaw! that's too harsh: 'tis the note of a raven, with a hoarseness upon him: something pathetic. The canary whistled as if his little throat was changed to a lute. Faster, says the man—slower—very well—what a plague is this foot about, and this little head?—No wonder you are out, Mr. Bijou, when you forget your time. That's a jewel—bravo! bravo! my little man! All that he was ordered, or reminded of, did he do to admiration. His head and foot beat time—humoured the variations both of tone and movement; and "the sound was a just echo of the sense," according to the strictest laws of poetical, and (as it ought to be) of musical composition—bravo! bravo! re-echoed from all parts of the dining-room.

The musicians declared the canary was a greater master of music than any of their band. And do you not show your sense of this civility, Sir? cried the bird-catcher with an angry air. The canary bowed most respectfully, to the great delight of the company. His next achievement was going through the martial exercise with a straw gun, after which, my poor Bijou, says the owner, thou hast had hard work, and must be a little weary: a few performances more, and thou shalt repose. Show the ladies how to make a curtsy. The bird here crossed his taper legs, and sunk, and rose with an ease and grace that would have put half our subscription assembly belles to the blush. That's my fine bird!—and now a bow, head and foot corresponding. Here the striplings for ten miles round London might have blushed also. Let us finish with a hornpipe, my brave little fellow—that's it—keep it up, keep it up. The activity, glee, spirit, accuracy, with which this last order was obeyed, wound up the applause, (in which all the musicians joined, as well with their instruments as with their clappings,) to the highest pitch of admiration. Bijou himself seemed to feel the sacred thirst of fame, and shook his little plumes, and caroled an *lo paan*, that sounded like the conscious notes of victory. Thou hast done all my biddings bravely, said the master, caressing his feathered servant; now then take a nap, while I take thy place. Hereupon the canary went into a counterfeit slumber, so like the effect of the popped god, first shutting one eye, then the other, then nodding, then dropping so much on one side, that the hands of several of the company were stretched out to save him from falling, and just as those hands approached his feathers, suddenly recovering, and dropping as much on the other; at length sleep seemed to fix him in a steady posture; whereupon the owner took him from his finger, and laid him flat on the table, where the man assured us he would remain in a good sound sleep, while he himself had the honour to do his best to fill up the interval.

Accordingly, after drinking a glass of wine, in the progress of taking which he was interrupted by the canary bird springing suddenly up to assert his right to a share, really putting his little bill into the glass, and then laying himself down to sleep again, the owner called him a saucy fellow, and began to show off his own independent powers of entertaining. The fort of these lay chiefly in balancing with a tobacco-pipe, while he smoked with another; and several of the positions were so difficult to be preserved, yet maintained with such dexterity, that the general attention was fixed upon him. But while he was thus exhibiting, a huge black cat, who had been no doubt on the watch, from some unobserved corner

sprung upon the table, seized the poor canary in its mouth, and rushed out of the window in despite of all opposition. Though the dining-room was emptied in an instant, it was a vain pursuit; the life of the bird was gone, and its mangled body was brought in by the unfortunate owner in such dismay, accompanied by such looks and language, as must have awakened pity in a misanthrope. He spread himself half length over the table, and mourned his canary-bird with the most undissembled sorrow. "Well may I grieve for thee, my poor little thing; well may I grieve: more than four years hast thou fed from my hand, drank from my lip, and slept in my bosom. I owe to thee my support, my health, my strength, and my happiness; without thee, what will become of me? Thou it was that didst ensure my welcome in the best companies. It was thy genius only made me welcome. Thy death is a just punishment for my vanity: had I relied on thy happy powers, all had been well, and thou hadst been perched on my finger, or lulled on my breast, at this moment! But trusting to my own talents, and glorifying myself in them, a judgment has fallen upon me, and thou art dead and mangled on this table. Accursed be the hour I entered this house! and more accursed the detestable monster that killed thee! Accursed be myself, for I contributed. I ought not to have taken away my eyes when thine were closed in frolic. O Bijou! my dearest, only Bijou! would I were dead also!"

As near as the spirit of his disordered mind can be transfused, such was the language and sentiment of the forlorn bird-catcher; whose despairing motion and frantic air no words can paint. He took from his pocket a little green bag of faded velvet, and drawing from out of it some wool and cotton, that were the wrapping of whistles, bird-calls, and other instruments of his trade, all of which he threw on the table, "as in scorn," and making a couch, placed the mutilated limbs and ravaged feathers of his canary upon it, and renewed his lamentations. These were now much softened, as is ever the case when the rage of grief yields to its tenderness; when it is too much overpowered by the effect to advert to the cause. It is needless to observe, that every one of the company sympathized with him. But none more than the band of musicians, who, being engaged in a profession that naturally keeps the sensibilities more or less in exercise, felt the distress of the poor bird-man with peculiar force. It was really a banquet to see these people gathering themselves into a knot, and after whispering, wiping their eyes, and blowing their noses, depute one from amongst them to be the medium of conveying into the pocket of the bird-man the very contribution they had just before received for their own efforts. The poor fellow perceiving them, took from the pocket the little parcel they had rolled up, and brought with it, by an unlucky accident, another little bag, at the sight of which he was extremely agitated; for it contained the canary-seed, the food of the "dear lost companion of his heart."

There is no giving language to the effect of this trifling circumstance upon the poor fellow; he threw down the contribution money that he brought from his pocket along with it, not with an ungrateful, but a desperate hand. He opened the bag, which was fastened with red tape, and taking out some of the seed, put it to the very bill of the lifeless bird, exclaiming, "No, poor Bijou! no,—thou canst not peck any more out of this hand that has been thy feeding place so many years: thou canst not remember how happy we both were when I bought this bag full for thee. Had it been filled with gold, thou hadst deserved it."—It shall be filled—and with gold, said the master of the house, if I could afford it. The good man rose from his seat, which had been

long uneasy to him, and gently taking the bag, put into it some silver; saying, as he handed it to his nearest neighbour, who will refuse to follow my example? It is not a subscription for mere charity; it is a tribute to one of the rarest things in the whole world; namely, to real feeling, in this sophistical, pretending, parading age. If ever the passion of love and gratitude was in the heart of man, it is in the heart of that unhappy fellow; and whether the object that calls out such feelings be bird, beast, fish, or man, it is alike virtue, and—Ought to be rewarded—said his next neighbour; putting into the bag his quota.

It is superfluous to tell you, that after the seed had been taken wholly away, and put very delicately out of the poor man's sight, every body most cheerfully contributed to make up a purse, to repair, as much as money could, the bird-man's loss. The last person applied to was a very beautiful German young lady, who, as she placed her bounty into the bag, closed it immediately after, and blushed. As there are all sorts of blushes, (at least one to every action of our lives that is worth any characteristic feeling, supposing the actor can feel at all) suspicion would have thought this young lady, who was so anxious to conceal her gift, gave little or nothing; but candour, who reasons in a different manner, would suppose—what was really the case—that it was a blush, not of avarice or deception, but of benevolence, graced with modesty. Curiosity, however, caught the bag, opened it, and turned out its contents, amongst which were a golden ducat, that, by its date and brightness, had been hoarded. Ah, ah! said curiosity, who does this belong to, I wonder? Guilt and innocence, avarice and benignity, are alike honest in one point, since they all in the moment of attack, by some means or other, discover what they wish to conceal. There was not in the then large company a single person who could not have exclaimed to this young lady, with the assurance of the truth—thou art the woman! There was no denying the fact; it was written on every feature of her enchanting face. She struggled, however, with the accusation almost to tears, but they were such tears as would have given lustre to the finest eyes in the world; for they gave lustre to hers, and would have added effulgence to a ray of the sun. Well, then, if nobody else will own this neglected ducat, said the master of the house, who was uncle to the lady above-mentioned, I will: whereupon he took it from the heap, exchanged it for two others, which enriched the collection.

While the business of the heart was thus carrying on, the poor bird-man, who was the occasion and object of it, was at first divided by contrary emotions of pain and pleasure: his eye sometimes directed to the massacred canary, sometimes to the company; at length generosity proved the stronger emotion, and grief ebbed away. He had lost a bird, but had gained the good-will of humane beings. The bird, it was true, was his pride and support, but this was not the crisis any longer to bewail his fate. He accepted the contribution-purse, by one means or other filled, like the sack of Benjamin, even to the brim, and bowed, but spoke not; then folding up the corpse of the canary in its wool and cotton shroud, departed with one of those looks that, the moment it is seen, it is felt and understood; but for which, being too powerful for description, no language has yet been provided. On going out, he beckoned the musicians to follow. They did so, striking a few chords that would have graced the funeral of Juliet. The very soul of the English gentleman pursued the sounds, and so did his feet. He hastened to the outer door, and saw the bird-man contending about returning the money, which the founders of the benevolence—for such were the musicians—had subscribed. On his coming down to breakfast the next

morning, he saw the footman departing with the cat who killed the bird, "not," said the master, "to put her to death for an act that was natural to her, but to put her where I know she will be out of my sight, for I never could look on her again without being reminded of the most uncomfortable part of yesterday's adventure. Poor Bijou! I have no doubt that all we have done atones but scantily for the loss of such a friend." Just as he said this, the niece, whose person and mind I have already particularized, came into the breakfast-room: "And now, said the old gentleman, to finish the business: look ye, Henrietta, I gave you this new ducat to lay out at the fair, in any manner you liked best; and though I think the way in which you disposed of it the very best you could have chosen—nay, no more blushing—I think it never ought to go out of our family; for do you know that I have taken it into my superstitious old head, that the blessing of the Giver of all good will stay with us while such a ducat remains amongst us. I therefore bought it back cheaply with two others. Age is superstitious, you know, my dear. Indulge me then, love, and take care of it while I live, after which it shall be yours: and in the mean time, that you may not lose your fairing, in this little purse are ten others, that, though not so distinguished by what, to my old heart, is more precious than the gold of Ophir, may serve well enough the common purposes of life." Much of this was spoken with tender difficulty, and the gift was received with more: but she loved the hand which in the first instance had enabled her to be generous, too well not to reward it. Was not this indeed an illustration of the virtue of the man of Ross, who "did good, yet blushed to find it fame?"

THE GLEANER.

—So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loose and who win; who's in and who's out;
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies. SHAKESPEARE.

Modes of Marriages in different parts of the world.—Cecrops first instituted marriage in Athens. The season of the year preferred was winter, particularly the month of January, called Gamelion. Children were not allowed to marry without the consent of their parents. The usual ceremony was kissing each other, or giving their right hand.—A Roman might not marry any woman who was not a Roman. The most happy season for marrying was that which followed the ides of June. In Germany they have a kind of marriage called *Morganatic*, wherein a man of quality contracting with a woman of inferior rank, gives her the left hand instead of the right; from this marriage the children become bastards as to matters of inheritance, though they are legitimate in effect. None but Princes and great Lords of Germany are allowed this kind of marriage.—The Turks have three sorts of marriage, and three sorts of wives, legitimate, wives in kebin, and slaves: they marry the first, hire the second, and buy the third.—The people of Java marry their children at nine years of age.—In Siam the espousals are concluded by female mediation; on the third visit the parties are considered as married. Royal marriages are sometimes incestuous, and the king does not hesitate to marry his own sister: this arises from pride.—Among the savage nations of Asia, Africa, or America, the wife is commonly bought by the husband from the father.—Among the Abyssinians, the price varies from four horses down to a bottle of brandy.—Araucans have as many wives as they can keep.—In China the bride is purchased by a present to her parents, and is never seen by her husband till after the ceremony.—In Circassia the bridegroom pays

for his bride a marriage present, but he must not see her, nor cohabit with her, without the greatest mystery: this reserve continues through life.—The ancient Medes compelled their citizens, in one canton, to take seven wives; in another each woman to receive five husbands; according as the war had made, in one quarter of their country, an extraordinary havoc among the men, or the women had been carried away by an enemy from another.—The ancient Britons had a singular kind of marriage, or rather polygamy. Any number of them, as ten or a dozen, joined in a society together, which was, perhaps, requisite for mutual defence in those barbarous times. In order to link this society the closer, they took an equal number of wives in common, and whatever children were born, were reputed to belong to all of them, and were accordingly provided for by the community.—In Peru they have several wives, but one, or principal, which is wedded with solemnity. The bridegroom goes to the bride's house, and puts an ottoya, which is an open shoe, on her foot; if she be a maid, it is made of wool, if otherwise, of reeds. This being done, he carries her home.—In the Brazils, no marriage ceremonies take place: upon the consent of the bride and her friends, he takes her home; if unfaithful, the husband may kill her.—By the ancient law of England, if any christian man did marry with a woman that was a Jewess, or a christian woman did marry with a Jew, it was felony; and the party so offending should be burnt alive, (3 Inst. 89) or, as the author of *Fleta* says, buried alive.

Socrates, after passing great part of his life in teaching mankind his amiable system of morality, perceived that the exercise of the sentimental faculty was but a secondary object among them; and frequently, in his lectures, reflected with some acrimony, on their preference of shadow to substance. On one of these occasions, a hearer interrupted Socrates, and said, "Socrates! mankind call you virtuous, and say you were born such: be it so; but why thus externally deformed?" The philosopher replied, "My body and limbs are not indeed of the best form; I see, and acknowledge my natural infirmities; and at the same time, I would have you to know, that nature, when handing me into existence, was too busily employed about my mind to bestow much attention on my body."

Annibal Caraccio and his father returning one evening from the country, happened to be robbed. Annibal immediately ran to give notice to the magistrates, and sketched out before them the portraits of the robbers so well, that they were all known, and very soon arrested. This artist was not dazzled by the pomp which surrounds the great; nor did he ever solicit for the honour of cringing at their feet. Cardinal Borghese having one day come to pay him a visit, he made his escape by the back door of his house, and left his pupils to receive and entertain his eminence.

Olaus Borrichius, a learned Danish physician, who died in 1690, after having published a great number of works, relates, that one day entering the bed-chamber of a female patient, who had sent for him, she begged him to wait a few moments, until a flea, which was chained to her hand, had finished its repast. Borrichius upon this cast his eyes towards the lady's hand, and beheld a large flea, which was fixed to it by a small golden chain, and was eagerly sucking her blood. When it was satisfied, she shut it up in a small box, lined with the finest silk. The patient assured her physician, that she had carefully preserved this little animal for the space of six years, and that she fed it with her blood twice a day.

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at men a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd

COWPER

THE PEOPLE OF ASHANTEE.

In "Bowditch's Mission from Cape Coast Castle to Ashantee," we have an account of a powerful kingdom, with a capital, named Coomassie, containing one hundred thousand inhabitants, within nine days journey of the British settlements, which, till within these few years, was only generally known by name. Of the barbaric pomp and magnificence, unfolded by Mr. B. it was inexpressible to form the faintest idea; nor of the state, power, wealth, and political condition of the Ashantee nation, only one of many similar, which people the interior of Africa. The arrival of the travellers is thus described:—

We entered Coomassie at two o'clock, passing under a fetish, or sacrifice of a dead sheep, wrapped up in red silk, and suspended between two lofty poles. Upwards of 5000 people, the greater part warriors, met us with awful bursts of martial music, discordant only in its mixture; for horns, drums, rattles, and gong-gongs, were all exerted with a zeal bordering on phrensy, to subdue us by the first impression. The smoke which encircled us from the incessant discharges of musquetry, confined our glimpses to the foreground; and we were halted whilst the captains performed their Pyrrhic dance, in the centre of a circle formed by their warriors; where a confusion of flags, English, Dutch, and Danish, were waved and flourished in all directions; the bearers plunging and springing from side to side, with a passion of enthusiasm only equalled by the captains who followed them, discharging their shining blunderbusses so close that the flags now and then were in a blaze, and emerging from the smoke with all the gesture and distortion of maniacs. Their followers kept up the firing around us in the rear. The dress of the captains was a war cap, with gilded rams' horns projecting in front, the sides extended beyond all proportion by immense plumes of eagles' feathers, and fastened under the chin with bands of cowries. Their vest was of red cloth, covered with fetishes and sapphies [Scraps of Moorish writing, as charms against evil] in gold and silver; and embroidered cases of almost every colour, which flapped against their bodies as they moved, intermixed with small brass bells, the horns and tails of animals, shells and knives; long leopards' tails hung down their backs, over a small bow covered with fetishes. They wore loose cotton trousers, with immense boots of a dull red leather, coming half way up the thigh, and fastened by small chains to their cartouch or waist-belt; these were also ornamented with bells, horses' tails, strings of amulets, and innumerable shreds of leather; a small quiver of poisoned arrows, hung from their right wrist, and they held a long iron chain between their teeth, with a scrap of Moorish writing affixed to the end of it. A small spear was in their left hands, covered with red cloth and silk tassels; their black countenances heightened the effect of this attire, and completed a figure scarcely human.

This exhibition continued about half an hour, when we were allowed to proceed, encircled by the warriors, whose numbers, with the crowds of people, made our movement as gradual as if it had taken place in Cheapside; the several streets branching off to the right, presented long vistas crammed with people, and those on the left hand being on an acclivity, innumerable rows of heads rose one above another: the large open porches of the houses, like the fronts of stages in small theatres, were filled with the better sort of females and children,

all impatient to behold white men for the first time: their exclamations were drowned in the firing and music, but their gestures were in character with the scene. When we reached the palace, about half a mile from the place where we entered, we were again halted, and an open file was made, through which the bearers were passed, to deposit the presents and baggage in the house assigned to us. Here we were gratified by observing several of the cabociers pass by with their trains, the novel splendour of which astonished us. The bands, principally composed of horns and flutes, trained to play in concert, seemed to soothe our hearing into its natural tone again by their wild melodies; whilst the immense umbrellas, made to sink and rise from the jerkings of the bearers, and the large fans waving around refreshed us with small currents of air, under a burning sun, clouds of dust, and a density of atmosphere almost suffocating. We were then squeezed, at the same funeral pace, up a long street to an open-fronted house, where we were desired by a royal messenger to wait a further invitation from the king. Here our attention was forced from the astonishment of the crowd to a most inhuman spectacle, which was paraded before us for some minutes; it was a man whom they were tormenting previous to sacrifice: his hands were pinioned behind him, a knife was passed through his cheeks, to which his lips were noosed like the figure of 8; one ear was cut off and carried before him, the other hung to his head by a small bit of skin; there were several gashes in his back, and a knife was thrust under each shoulder-blade; he was led with a cord passed through his nose, by men disfigured with immense caps of shaggy black skins, and drums beat before him: the feeling this horrid barbarity excited must be imagined. We were soon released by permission to proceed to the king, and passed through a very broad street, about a quarter of a mile long, to the marketplace.

Our observations, *en passant*, had taught us to conceive a spectacle far exceeding our original expectations; but they had not prepared us for the extent and display of the scene which here burst upon us: an area of nearly a mile in circumference was crowded with magnificence and novelty. The king, his tributaries and captains, were resplendent in the distance, surrounded by attendants of every description, fronted by a mass of warriors which seemed to make our approach impervious. The sun was reflected, with a glare scarcely more supportable than the heat, from the massy gold ornaments which glistened in every direction. More than a hundred bands burst at once on our arrival, with the peculiar airs of their several chiefs; the horns flourished their defiances, with the beating of innumerable drums and metal instruments, and then yielded for a while to the soft breathings of their long flutes, which were truly harmonious; and a pleasing instrument, like a bagpipe without the drone, was happily blended. At least a hundred large umbrellas, or canopies, which could shelter thirty persons, were sprung up and down by the bearers with brilliant effect, being made of scarlet, yellow, and the most showy cloths and silks, and crowned on the top with crescents, pelicans, elephants, barrels, and arms and swords of gold: they were of various shapes, but mostly dome; and the valances (in some of which small looking-glasses were inserted) fantastically scalloped and fringed: from the fronts of some, the proboscis and small teeth of elephants projected, and a few were roofed with leopard skins, and crowned with various animals naturally stuffed. The state hammocks, like long cradles, were raised in the rear, the poles on the heads of the bearers; the cushions and pillows were covered with crimson taffeta, and

the cloths hung over the sides. Innumerable small umbrellas, of various coloured stripes, were crowded in the intervals, whilst several large trees heightened the glare by contrasting the sober colouring of nature.

"Discolor unde auri per ramos aura refulsit."

LITERATURE.

ORIGIN OF THE MATERIALS OF WRITING.

The most ancient mode of writing was on cinders, on bricks, and on tables of stone; afterwards on plates of various materials, on ivory, and similar articles. In the book of Job, mention is made of the custom of writing on stone, and on sheets of lead. It was on tables of stone that the Jewish law was written. The Gauls, in the time of Cæsar, wrote on tables; but of what they were composed is not known. This manner of writing we still retain, in respect to inscriptions, epitaphs, and such memorials as we are desirous should reach posterity.

These early inventions led to the discovery of tablets of wood; and as cedar is incorruptible because of its bitterness, they chose this wood for their most important writings. From this custom arises the celebrated expressions of the ancients, when they meant to give the highest eulogium of an excellent work, *et cedro digno loquuti*; that it was worthy to be written on cedar. These tablets were made of the trunks of trees; the use of them still exists, but in general they are made of other materials than wood. The same reason which led to prefer the cedar to other trees induced to write on wax, which is incorruptible from its nature. Men generally used it to write their testaments, in order the better to preserve them. This Juvenal says, *Ceras implere capaces*.

Saint Isidore of Seville says that the Greeks and Tuscans were the first who used wax to write on. They wrote with an iron bodkin, as they did on the other substances we have noticed. But the Romans having forbidden the use of this instrument, they substituted a *stylus* made of the bone of a bird, or other animal; so that their writings resembled engravings. They also employed reeds cut in the form of pens.

In the progress of time, the art of writing consisted in painting with different kinds of ink. This novel mode of writing occasioned them to invent other materials proper to receive their writing. They now chose the thin peels of certain trees, plants, and even skins of animals, which were prepared for this purpose. The first place where they began to prepare these skins was *Per-gamos*, in Asia. This is the origin of the Latin name from whence we have derived that of *parchment*. These skins are however better known amongst the authors of the purest Latin, under the name of *membrana*. They were so called because of the membranes of the animals; of which they were composed. The ancients had parchments of three different colours, white, yellow, and purple. At Rome white parchment was disliked, because it was more subject to be soiled than the others, and dazzled the eye. They generally wrote in letters of gold and silver on purple parchment. This custom continued in the early ages of the church; and there are yet extant written copies of the evangelists of this kind; of which specimens are preserved in the British Museum.

The Egyptians employed for writing the bark or pitch of a plant, called *papyrus*. Formerly there grew great quantities of it on the sides of the Nile. It is this plant which has given the name to our paper, although it is composed of linen or rags. The Chinese make their paper with silk. The use of paper is of great antiquity. It is what the ancient Latin-

ists call *charta* or *charta*. The honour of this invention is due to the town of Memphis in Egypt. Before the use of parchment and paper passed to the Romans, they contrived to use the thin peel which was found on certain trees, between the wood of these trees and their bark. This second skin they called *liber*, from whence they have derived the names of *library* and *librarian* in the European languages, and the French their *livre* for book. Anciently, instead of folding this bark, this parchment and paper, as we fold ours, they rolled it according as they wrote on it; and the Latin name which they gave these rolls, is passed into our languages, as well as the others. We say a *volume* or *volumes*, although our books are composed of pages cut, and bound together.

The ancients were still more curious than ourselves in having their books richly conditioned. Besides the tint of purple with which they tinged their vellum, and the liquid gold which they employed for their ink, they were solicitous to enrich with precious stones the covers of their books. In the early ages of the church, they painted on the outside commonly a dying Christ.

Varro says, that palm leaves (or mal-low leaves) were at first used for writing on; from whence the word began and continued to signify the leaf of a book, as well as of a tree or plant.

That the ancients wrote or engraved on brass, is manifest from several instances: the laws of the twelve tables, and other monuments, were kept in the capitol, engraved on brass. The Romans and Lacedæmonians wrote to the Jews in tables of brass. There is a small fragment of writing on bark, near one thousand years old, in the Cottonian Library; and there are still remaining a few old books in libraries abroad, said to be written on the Egyptian papyrus.

The art of making paper of cotton, was discovered in the eleventh century; the invention of making paper of linen rags could not be long after.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts will attend.

BENNET.

LONDON THEATRES.

Drury Lane.—This theatre, which is now considered the most magnificent in the world, was opened for the season on the evening of the 17th October. The audience, attracted by the reputation of its recent improvements, was so numerous that they could not be accommodated with seats, and many were obliged to wander through the lobbies, till the first performance was over, and catch their view of the interior as opportunities offered.—An address, from the pen of Mr. Colman, was delivered by Mr. Terry, which is no way remarkable for poetic beauty. We observe that Mr. Barnes, who is engaged for the season, is stated to have "played Silky, (in the Road to Ruin,) and to have done justice to the crooked policy of the avaricious knave." A Mrs. Hughes, from the Exeter Theatre, made her first appearance on the London boards, in the character of Sophia, and acquitted herself highly to the satisfaction of the audience. Mr. Young, formerly of Covent Garden, appeared for the first time at this house, as Hamlet, and was cheered to the echo.—He was to play thirty nights, ten at the beginning, ten in the middle, and ten at the close of the season: Mr. Kean to fill up the intervening period.

Covent Garden.—Miss Paton made her first appearance at this theatre on the 19th October, in the character of Polly in the "Beggars' Opera." Her reception was highly flattering. Her performance was succeeded by a new serious melo-drama, entitled, "Ali Pacha," altered from the

French piece of that name by Mr. Planchet. The plot is as follows:—

Ali Pacha, determined to frustrate the designs of the Sultan, burns the city of Yanina, and massacres its bravest inhabitants, on hearing of the approach of the Ottoman army under Ismail, the Pacha General, whose father, Ibrahim, is already his prisoner. Xenocles, a Suliot Chief, who alone is supposed to have escaped the murder of his race by Ali, incites the remnant of the inhabitants of Yanina to revenge, and penetrates himself, in the disguise of a Turkish Envoy from Ismail, into the castle, on the lake, to which the tyrant has retreated after his sanguinary expedition. Talathon, an Albanian Chief, whose life Xenocles had once preserved, is roused by his expostulations, and determines to join him in his attempt to avenge and regenerate Greece. Their plot is however overheard, and discovered to Ali, by a Greek orphan, who loves and is beloved by Selim, his imagined grandson. In the explanation that takes place, she is however declared by the Pacha to be the sister of Xenocles, saved while an infant, at the instigation of Selim's mother. A scene of much interest follows. Xenocles exasperates the Pacha, who condemns him and Talathon to death; and at the same moment that he is exhorting Selim to emulate his father and his uncle, who are in arms against the Sultan, he receives the intelligence of their heads being placed on the gates of Constantinople.

The second act commences with the discovery, through a packet sent to Ali by a faithful Tartar, from his eldest son, just before his execution, that Selim is the offspring of a Macedonian Chief, who fell at the storming of Previsa. This intelligence strengthens the Pacha in a resolution he has formed, to at once elude and revenge himself on his enemies; and keeping the discovery secret from Selim, he orders him to repair to the arsenal, and on the sight of a ring (which, should Ismail succeed,) he would send him, to blow up the citadel and bury friend and foe in its ruins. Selim undertakes the dreadful task, first restoring Xenocles and Helena to liberty. The attack commences—the troops of Ali revolt—he sends the ring to Selim, who at the moment he is about to execute the Pacha's orders, is informed of his birth by a faithful slave, whom accident has put in possession of the secret. Ali, pursued by the foe, retreats to the Arsenal, followed by his faithful black—discovers the escape of Selim, and fires the magazine himself, as he is on the point of being taken by Ismail. The Greeks, on his defeat, turn their arms upon the Turks, and the standard of liberty waves victorious over the ruins of the citadel of Yanina.

The circumstances of this story so immediately applying to the existing contests between the Greeks and Turks, afforded an opportunity for introducing a variety of topics peculiarly in accordance with the public feeling at the present moment. The author made the most of his subject, and his labours were rewarded by unqualified approbation. Every allusion to the cause of liberty in Greece was seized with avidity, and the wily policy of the Pacha met with a corresponding feeling of disgust.—The language throughout is energetic, and the declamatory parts would not disgrace the higher walks of the drama. The attention of the audience is kept alive from the commencement to the conclusion; and throughout their passions and their sympathies are warmly excited. The scenery was of the most exquisite description, and called for the warmest expressions of admiration.

Mr. Garrick.—The recent death of the widow of this celebrated actor has led to the re-publication, in the London papers, of a long extract from Lee Lewes's Memoirs respecting her, in which she is represented as the natural daughter of the Earl of Burlington. This story is stated, on good authority, to be wholly fabulous.

Signora VIOLETTI, late Mrs. GARRICK, was first introduced into the Burlington family by Lady Burlington herself, in the capacity of a companion, and she so endeared herself to the noble pair that they treated her with the affection of parents. The attachment, contrary to the story in question, began on the part of Mr. Garrick, and the following anecdote, which is lightly mentioned by Davies, in his Life of the great Actor, as a fact well known to the friends of Mr. Garrick at the time:—An elderly lady met Mr. Garrick in the street, and asked him if his heart was engaged, for otherwise he might marry a young lady of beauty, fortune, and virtue. Mr. Garrick, who did not then know Signora Violetti, answered in the negative, and the lady assured him that he should hear from her soon. Many months passed away and no tidings came. At length he met the old lady again in the Strand, and addressed her, requesting to know why he had not heard from her. She told him that he was mistaken, that she had never seen her before, and that she did not know him. Garrick was not so easily diverted from his purpose, and he told the lady that he should not quit her till she had satisfied his curiosity. She then agreed to go with him into the back parlour of a respectable tradesman near the spot, with whom he had dealings. The lady informed him that her young, beautiful, and affluent friend had seen him in some heroic part, and was charmed with his acting, conceiving that his own feelings must be congenial with the character which he so ably supported, but that seeing him soon after in *Jabed Druggier*, she was convinced that one who represented grovelling meanness and avarice so well, must naturally be equally low-minded, her love was immediately at an end. Garrick was so struck with this story, as he was then courting Signor Violetti, and apprehending the possibility of a similar effect, he took care that whenever the Burlington family sent for places, if he was to act a part in low comedy, they should be informed that the boxes had all been taken. Mrs. Garrick, when young was extremely beautiful, but latterly she became masculine, and assumed masculine habits. She was to the end of her life much attached to horticulture, and even to the pruning of her own fruit-trees.

The expenses of Mr. Garrick's funeral, one of the most splendid ever seen in England, were never paid. The undertaker was ruined by the job, and died a beggar. The acting executor, Mr. Albany Wallace, was always tardy in paying Garrick's debts. Mrs. Garrick has often been reproached for her want of respect to the memory of her husband, in not erecting a monument to his fame in Westminster Abbey, which was afterwards done by Mr. Wallace. The fact is, she had not the means, and besides, she always thought Garrick belonged to the public.

Garrick's beautiful *chateau* and grounds at Hampton will now be brought to the hammer. The house is in a sad dilapidated and ruinous condition, and the offices and coach-houses contiguous, in comparative decay. This was once a place of hospitable splendour. Indeed, so ambitious was Garrick of the character of hospitality, that he not only entertained his noble and learned guests, but he afforded accommodation to their carriages and servants as well as themselves. He attached to his house nearly one dozen extra coach-houses, all of which remain to this day. The narrowness of Mrs. Garrick's income, and her exceedingly charitable disposition, prevented her repairing the house. She generally resided in the attics; but the greatest part of the grounds, especially towards the Thames, are more picturesque and beautiful than they were originally.

The greatest part of Mr. Garrick's library, and his old plays, except what were given to the British Museum, and a certain portion retained by Mrs. Garrick, were bequeathed to him by his nephew, Car-

lington Garrick. There are, however, libraries stored with good and useful books, both in the houses at Hampton and on the Adelphi-terrace; many of these books are enriched with autographs and manuscript notes, by the brilliant wits and distinguished writers of the day. These will prove a *bonne bouche* for the *Bibliomane*, or *Bibliomaniac*, when they shall be sold, which is intended, for they were given Mrs. Garrick only during her life.

At a late representation of French comedy, in London, the ornamental figure of the sun fell down with a heavy crash upon the stage, which caused some murmurs of disapprobation from the audience; upon which M. Laporte restored good humour and laughter by exclaiming, "It is nothing but an eclipse, gentlemen!"

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DU CHATELET.

Gabriella Emilia Tonnelier de Breteuil, Marchioness du Chatelet, was descended from a very ancient family of Picardy, established at Paris for above three hundred years. She was the daughter of the Baron de Breteuil, introducer of foreign princes and ambassadors at court, and was born on the 17th of December 1706. At a very early age she displayed great strength of genius and vivacity of imagination. She showed a peculiar fondness for the belles lettres, and devoted great part of the early period of her life to the study of the ancients. Virgil, above all, was her favourite author. She had a wonderful attachment to the *Æneid*, and even began a translation of it; but, unluckily, that work was never brought to a conclusion. She was, likewise, remarkably fond of perusing the works of the best French poets, and could repeat the most beautiful and striking passages of them. She applied also to foreign languages; and, in a little time, made herself so far master of the English and Italian, as to be able to read Milton and Tasso with ease.

Madame du Chatelet, however, did not confine herself to the study of the belles lettres only. Metaphysics and mathematics were objects of her pursuit; and Leibnitz, a philosopher equally profound and ingenious, was the guide whom she chose to direct her in this new path. By close application she was soon enabled to write an explanation of that celebrated German's philosophy, under the title of *Institutions of Physics*, which she composed principally for the use of the Count du Chatelet-Lomont, her son. If this work is entitled to praise, on account of the order and perspicuity observed in it, the preliminary discourse, which Voltaire justly calls a master-piece of eloquence and reasoning, is undoubtedly highly interesting.

Madame Du Chatelet had too much judgment, and was too ardent in the pursuit of truth, to dwell long on the chimeras of metaphysics; she readily quitted, therefore, the imagination of Leibnitz, in order to give herself up to the clear and perspicuous doctrine of Newton. Having, by close application, gained a complete knowledge of that eminent philosopher's principles, she undertook the arduous task of making a translation of them from the original Latin, into French, which she published with an admirable commentary, and by this enterprise rendered an essential service to science.

This commentary, which is far superior to the translation, is composed of two parts, and is preceded by a short history of astronomy, from Pythagoras to the present time. The first part contains an explanation of the most remarkable phenomena of our system, and the second an analytical solution of the principal problems which relate to it.

Madame Du Chatelet's manners were no less estimable than her talents. Though

formed by her figure, her rank, and her knowledge, to be distinguished from the greater part of those among whom she lived, she seemed never to be sensible of those advantages which she enjoyed. She was fond of glory, but without ostentation. "No female," says Mr. de Voltaire, "ever possessed so much knowledge; and yet no one ever showed her learning less. She spoke on scientific subjects to those only whom she thought she could instruct, and never with any view to call forth applause." This portrait must undoubtedly exhibit a just likeness of Madame Du Chatelet, for no one had a better opportunity of knowing her character than the person by whom it is traced out. Every one, almost, is acquainted with the close intimacy which subsisted between this celebrated lady and Voltaire for nearly twenty years. The taste which they each had for philosophy and the belles lettres, served to render this connexion extremely agreeable, especially to the latter, who seems to have derived no small benefit from it. Without the advice of his illustrious friend, many of his pieces perhaps would not have contained such a number of beauties. On every thing he wrote Madame Du Chatelet was consulted, and her criticisms were always so proper, that her counsel was generally followed.

A woman, who has no other merit than that of being learned, is certainly wanting in her duty to society. No reproach, however, can be thrown out against Madame Du Chatelet on this head. Her fondness for study never made her forget what she owed to her family; she took on herself the care of the education of her son, whom she instructed in geometry; and she did not think it below her to enter into all those details which are required in the management of a house. Instead of delighting in slander, or ridicule, she often became the advocate of those who in her presence were made the objects of either. She possessed so much greatness of soul, that though she perfectly knew that she was exposed to the shafts of malice, she never showed the smallest desire of being revenged on her enemies. A pitiful pamphlet, in which one of those authors, who delight in blackening reputations, had made very free with hers, being put into her hands, she said, "that if the author had lost his time in writing such useless stuff, she would not lose hers in reading it;" and next morning she exerted herself to liberate him from prison, even without his knowledge.

All that Madame Du Chatelet can be blamed for, is that she took too little care of her health, and sacrificed it to her glory. Long before her death she foresaw the fatal stroke which at length carried her off. Being then apprehensive that sufficient time would not be left for her to finish the commentary she had begun on *Newton's Principia*, she devoted every moment almost to it, and by these means hastened her dissolution, in order to secure immortality to her works. She perceived her end approaching, says Voltaire, and by a singular mixture of sentiments, which appeared to be at variance, she seemed to regret life, and to meet death with intrepidity. The melancholy thought of an eternal separation sensibly affected her soul, and the philosophy with which it was filled, made her retain all her courage. A man who, tearing himself sadly from his weeping family, is calmly making preparations for a long voyage, is only a faint portrait of her firmness and grief; so that those who beheld her last moments, felt doubly by their own affliction and regret, the loss which they sustained, and admired at the same time the strength of her mind, which blended with so affecting sorrow so unshaken a constancy." She died at Luneville in the year 1749, aged forty-three, some time after she had been delivered of a child. She was a member of several foreign academies.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.
CAMPBELL.

EFFECTS OF COLD.

[In severe winters, instances are not unfrequent of persons perishing in snow storms; and, probably, in almost every case death is preceded by sleep. This arises from cold being a powerful sedative, and in that way, when experienced long and severely, it induces an irresistible propensity to sleep; which, if in the least indulged in, is almost immediately followed by the extinction of life. The following case, which appears in the *Newcastle Magazine* for August last, independent of its general interest as occurring under circumstances which so many are liable to experience, holds out the most exemplary encouragement to all who are unfortunately lost in snow storms, resolutely to persevere in motion, and resist all inclination to rest or sleep, as certainly leading to a speedy and fatal termination.]

The relation of the case would appear altogether improbable, without a reference to the living individual, and it is therefore indispensable to give his name and residence, whereby the truth of the whole will be found to be substantially correct in all its circumstances. This individual is Mr. Thomas Atley, writer in the Excise Permit-Office, Pilgrim-street, Newcastle upon Tyne, England. Some fourteen or fifteen years ago, he was stationed as an excise officer, in a village in Westmoreland, and had to visit, periodically, a very wide circuit of country places, where excise surveying was required. In a severe winter a great fall of snow took place in the night, and in the morning, in attempting to go his round on horseback, he found the roads so drifted as to be quite impassable, and was compelled to return. From the state of the country, he was fully justified in declining any further attempt, and had only to sit down at his own fire-side and spend the day with his family. But an honest and zealous sense of public duty induced him to set out on foot, and he spent the whole of the day in labouring through deep wreaths of snow, in a manner which nothing but youth, activity, and spirited firmness, could have overcome. He accomplished all his business, and the last place which he visited was a malt-house, after four o'clock in the afternoon, and from whence he had to travel twelve miles home, over a vast moor called Black Comb Fell.

Already greatly exhausted, with daylight closing in, and a tempest of snow whirling down, he set out on his perilous journey. All traces of road were obliterated, but he was familiar with every part of the Fell, and felt confident of finding his way over it. As fatigue increased upon him, he became subject to frequent falls, in which the snow continued to adhere to and accumulate upon his clothes, and in passing over moss-holes the ice frequently gave way and let his legs down into the water, out of which he could but slowly raise them, and from the extreme severity of the frost, the water on his limbs was immediately congealed. In that way he got very slowly over about half of the Fell, without losing his way, but soon afterwards, from the dark and tempestuous state of the night, and benumbed condition of his whole frame, he lost all knowledge of his local situation, and could form no conjecture in what direction to pursue his course. Nevertheless he resolved to keep wandering on, in hopes that he might get off the Fell, and fall in with some house.

Mr. Atley had had a medical education, and was well aware that stopping would be followed by sleep, and that by the sleep of death; he therefore formed a determined resolution to persevere in motion to the very last. With that resolution he continued through the night, wandering at random over the Fell, and in a condition that no selection of words can adequately describe. His falls and plunges into moss-holes became more frequent as his strength wasted, until he was completely encased in a mass of ice, little inferior in weight to

that of his own body. Proceeding on with this increasing burthen and decreasing powers, he found in time the utmost difficulty in raising himself up when down, and that difficulty continued to augment, until he found himself utterly incapable of regaining an upright posture. Still, however, the same manly resolution to keep in motion to the last, operated on his exhausted mind, and he continued crawling forward on his hands and knees. And here it is that the relation will appear quite incredible, but the fact was clearly ascertained the next day by the track in the snow, that in that dreadful condition and posture, he actually dragged himself along a distance of more than two miles. Towards morning the storm abated, and the sky cleared up a little, and about two o'clock he found himself near a small building, which he supposed to be an uninhabited shepherd's hut or sheeling. Finding all power of motion nearly expended, and the impossibility of protracting life beyond a few minutes more, and conceiving that his body would be found more readily in the empty hut, he resolved to enter it and resign all further effort. On crawling up to it with that intention, he unexpectedly found it had a door, and that fastened, but supposing it could only be latched, he made several attempts to raise himself up to the latch, and finding that impracticable, he changed it for an effort with his own weight to force the door open, and on ineffectually exerting his last remains of strength in the endeavour, he uttered a feeble groan of disappointment, and dropped insensible against the door.

It happened most providentially that the building was a small inhabited cottage, containing a man, his wife, and a boy.—The man had been sometime indisposed, and was lying awake when the weak expression of distress was uttered. He immediately awoke his wife, and she, going to the door, found the frozen mass, which required all their assistance to drag into the cottage. In breaking away the ice to strip the body, the clothes were quite as brittle as the ice itself. No signs of life appeared, but knowing that a few minutes only had elapsed from the time of hearing the voice, the good people persevered in drying and warming the body, which, in their well-intended kindness, was placed in a blanket before a fire, purposely heated, and which afterwards proved a source of much injury. It was not until nine o'clock in the morning that Mr. Atley was able to tell, in a low whisper, who he was and where he lived, and the same day he was wrapped up in blankets, and carried home upon men's shoulders. A young, vigorous, and uncontaminated constitution carried him through, but for several months he lay a helpless object of suffering and imbecility. His feet ulcerated, and part of the toes exfoliated, and crippled him for life.

Most of the readers of this narrative will readily recall to their recollection the celebrated instance, in Cook's first voyage, of Dr. Solander in a snow storm, on Terra Del Fuego; but how infinitely superior in mental and physical energy does the humble subject of this relation tower above the German doctor! Indeed it would perhaps be difficult to select from human history another case, under an equal accumulation of distressing and discouraging difficulties, of so much patient and resolute perseverance in the preservation of life.

THE VEGETABLE WORLD.
No. II.

BLACK PEPPER, is the dried berry of a climbing, or trailing plant, (*Piper nigrum*) which grows in the East Indies, and in most of the islands of the Indian sea. Its stem has numerous joints, and throws out roots at every joint. The leaves, which are somewhat egg-shaped, and pointed, are of a dusky brown colour, and have each seven very strong nerves. The

flowers are small and white. It is customary in the pepper grounds, in India, to mark out the fields into squares of six feet each, which is the usual distance allowed for the plants; and as these have not sufficient strength to support themselves in an upright growth, they are generally placed near a thorny kind of shrub, among the branches of which they creep like ivy. When they have run to a considerable height, the twigs, on which the berries hang, bend down, and the fruit appears in long slender clusters, of from twenty to fifty grains, somewhat resembling branches of currants, but with this difference, that every grain adheres immediately to the common stalk, which occasions the clusters to be more compact. The berries are green when young, but turn to a bright red when ripe. As soon as they begin to redden, they are considered in a fit state to be gathered. When gathered, they are spread on mats in the sun, where they are suffered to remain till they become dry, black, and shrivelled, as they come to market. In this state they have the name of black pepper.

White pepper is nothing more than the soundest and best of the berries, gathered when they are fully ripe, and stripped of their external coat or skin. To effect this, they are steeped about a week in salt water, when the skin bursts. They are then dried in the sun, rubbed between the hands, and winnowed. Thus cleared from their skins, they are rendered smaller and much smoother than black pepper. As the acidity of pepper resides principally in the skin, this kind becomes much less pungent than the other; but it has one recommendation, that it can be made only of the soundest and best grains, taken at their greatest maturity. The quantity used is immense. Some years the English East India Company's sales exceed six millions of pounds. That brought from Malabar is considered the best.

MINERVA MEDICA.

[The following very pertinent and sensible remarks, on what is usually termed "Catching Cold," and the means of avoiding this, are from the pen of Dr. T. Gurnet, an English physician, and a very celebrated Lecturer in the different branches of natural philosophy.]

People are afraid of going out into the cold air; but if they conduct themselves properly afterwards, they will never be in the least danger from it. Indeed the action of cold, unless it be excessive, never produces any bad effects.

Many of you, will, no doubt, think me here in an error; but I hope you will not long entertain that opinion. You will say that you have had frequent experience to the contrary; that you have often gone out into the cold air, and have caught dreadful colds. That this is owing to the action of cold, I will deny; nay, I will assert, that if a person go out into air which is very cold, and remain in it for a very long time, he will never perceive any symptoms of what is called a cold so long as he remains there.

A common cold is attended with a running of the nose, hoarseness, and cough, with a considerable degree of feverish heat, and dryness of the skin.—Now it is universally agreed, that this disorder is an inflammation of, or is of an inflammatory nature; it is an inflammation of the smooth, moist skin which lines the nostrils, and goes down the wind-pipe into the lungs; but as cold is only a diminution of heat, or a diminution of a stimulus acting upon the body, it is impossible that such a diminution can cause a greater action or excitement; we might as well expect to fill a vessel by taking water out of it. But let us see how a cold, as it is commonly called, is usually produced. When a person in cold weather goes out into the air, every time he draws in his breath, the cold air passes through his nostrils and windpipe into the lungs, and in thus diminishing the heat of the parts, allows their excitability to accumulate, and renders them more liable to be affected by the suc-

ceeding heat. So long as that person continues in the cold air, he feels no bad effects; but if he come into a warm room, he first perceives a glow within his nostrils and breast, as well as all over the surface of the body. Soon afterwards, a disagreeable dryness and huskiness will be felt in the nostrils and breast. By and by a short, dry, tickling cough comes on.—He feels a shivering, which makes him draw nearer to the fire, but all to no purpose; the more he tries to heat himself, the more chill he becomes. All the mischief is here caused by the violent action of the heat on the accumulated excitability. For want of a knowledge of this law, these disagreeable, and often dangerous complaints are brought on; when they might be avoided with the greatest ease.

When you take a ride into the country on a cold day, you find yourselves very cold; as soon as you go into a house, you are invited to come to the fire, and warm yourselves; and what is still worse, to drink something warm and comfortable to keep out the cold, as the saying is.—The inevitable consequence of this is, to bring on the complaints which I have just described, which might with more propriety be called heats than colds. But how easily might these complaints have been avoided! When you come out of a very cold atmosphere, you should not at first go into a room that has a fire in it, or if you cannot avoid that, you should keep for a considerable time at as great a distance from the fire as possible, that the accumulated excitability may be gradually exhausted, by the moderate and gentle action of heat; then you may bear the heat of the fire without any danger; but, above all, refrain from taking warm or strong liquors while you are cold. If a person have his hands or feet exposed to a very severe cold, the excitability of those parts will be so much accumulated, that if they should be brought suddenly near the fire, a violent inflammation, and even a mortification will take place, which has often happened; or, at any rate, that inflammation called Chilblains will be produced, from the violent action of the heat upon the accumulated excitability of those parts; but, if a person so circumstanced, was to put his hands or feet into cold water, very little warmer than the atmosphere to which he had been exposed, or rub them with snow, which is not often colder than 32 or 30 degrees, the morbid excitability will be gradually exhausted, and no bad consequences will ensue.

When a part of the body only has been exposed to the action of cold, and the rest kept heated; if, for instance, a person in a warm room sits so that a current of air coming through a broken pane, should fall upon any part of the body, that part would soon be affected with an inflammation, which is usually called a rheumatic inflammation.

From what has been said, it will be easy to account for this circumstance. The excitability of the part is accumulated by the diminution of its heat; but at the same time, the rest of the body and blood is warm; and this warm blood acting upon a part where the excitability is accumulated, will cause an inflammation; to which, the more you apply heat, the worse you make it.—From these considerations, we may lay it down as a fact, and experience supports us in so doing, that you may in general go out of warm into cold air without much danger; but, that you can never return suddenly from the cold into the warm air with perfect impunity.

Hence, we may lay down the following rule, which, if strictly observed, would prevent the frequent colds we meet with in winter. When the whole body, or any part of it, is chilled, bring it to its natural feeling and warmth by degrees.

But if, for want of observing this necessary caution, a cold, as it is called, should have seized a person, let us consider what is proper to be done. It will, from the preceding reasoning, appear very impro-

per to make the room where you sit warmer than usual, to increase the quantity of bed-clothes, to wrap yourself up in flannel, or particularly to drink a large quantity of barley-water, gruel, or tea, almost boiling hot, by way of diluting, as it is called, and forcing a perspiration; this will infallibly make the disorder worse, in the same manner as confining inoculated persons in warm rooms would make the small-pox more violent.

Perhaps there would scarcely be such a thing as a bad cold, if people, when they found it coming on, were to keep cool, and avoid wine and strong liquors, and to confine themselves for a short time to a simple diet of vegetable food, drinking only toast and water. Instances are by no means uncommon, where a heat of the nostrils, difficulty of breathing, a short, tickling cough, and other symptoms threatening a violent cold, have gone off entirely in consequence of this plan being pursued.

Colds would be much less frequent, were we to take more pains to accommodate our dress to the season: if we were warmly clothed in cold weather, our excitability would not be accumulated by the action of cold. If a greater proportion of females fall victims to this disease, is it not because, losing sight, more than men, of its primary purpose, they regulate their dress solely by fantastic ideas of elegance? If happily, as is observed by Dr. Beddoes, our regret should recall the age of chivalry, to break the spell of fashion would be an achievement worthy the most gallant of our future knights. Common sense has always failed in the adventure; and our ladies, alas! are still compelled, whenever the enchantress waves her wand, to expose themselves half undressed, to the fogs and frosts.

Warts, Corns, &c.—The bark of the willow-tree burnt to ashes, and mixed with strong vinegar, forms a lixivium which effectually eradicates, by repeated applications, warts, corns, and other cutaneous excrescences.

The Asthma.—TAR PILLS have in some instances, been found a sovereign remedy for this distressing disease. Take two or three every night, at first, and increase the number to seven or eight, and continue them for some months. Burning a small quantity of tar in the bed-room just before going to bed, tends greatly to alleviate the sufferings from this painful disorder.

SCIENTIFIC NOTICE FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

Fine Arts.—An extraordinary picture, painted by Rembrandt, has been recently discovered, and the progress of the discovery is curious. The president of the Royal Academy saw this picture by chance, with a great mass of other rubbish and inferior productions, which were preparing for sale by auction. Sir Thomas Lawrence's taste was immediately struck with the merits of this picture, even in its dirty and mutilated condition; he attended the sale, and the hammer was on the point of ratifying Sir Thomas as the purchaser for four guineas, when a lynx-eyed dealer suddenly contended for the prize, and was the eventual purchaser for two hundred guineas. He took home the picture, had it cleaned and newly mounted, and in the first instance offered it for sale to his tasteful competitor, whose property it now is, for seven hundred guineas. The picture is said to be the finest ever painted by Rembrandt, and worth seven thousand pounds. The subject relates to *Joseph and Potiphar's Wife*.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Voracity of the Pike.—A woman named Allcock, residing near the Old Alders, Tunbridge, Eng. having been performing some household work with a mop, went

to the river to wash it. In the midst of the operation, she felt the mop suddenly seized in the water, and to her great astonishment, she pulled it out with a thumping pike at the end of it, weighing 11 lbs. The voracious fish had caught the rags of the mop so tightly in his teeth-beset jaws, that he could not extricate himself.

The Sea Snake and Mouse.—A snake, which had for sometime been kept in a domesticated state in the museum in the town of Harwich, (England,) had been frequently fed upon live mice. Lately a mouse was put into it, but it being too large a size for the snake to gorge as usual he endeavoured, like the boa constrictor, to envelope it in its folds, when a tremendous battle ensued, and after repeated attacks, the snake fell a victim to its more nimble adversary, which gained its advantage by inflicting severe wounds on the back of the head. The mice before given never offered any resistance, but seemed to become paralysed, and fell an easy prey to their enemy. The snake was found at sea, swimming with its head erect out of the water, and was about three feet in length.

Sagacity of the Elephant.—A correspondent in the Gentleman's Magazine, among several others, relates the following instance of sagacity in the brute creation:—A friend lately returned from India, who is too voracious to take advantage of the traveller's privilege, assures me that he has seen elephants employed to pile wood, who have, after adding heap to heap, drawn back and placed themselves in a situation to see if they have kept a perpendicular line, and preserved a just level in their work, and have then corrected any perceptible defect in one or the other. The same person has seen two elephants employed to roll barrels to a distance; one has kept them in motion while the other has been prepared with a stone in his trunk, to stop the progress at the required spot.

Singular occurrence.—While a shoemaker, at Edinburgh, was lately engaged in cleaning a cage, in which he kept a lark, he left the door of the cage open, of which the bird took advantage, and flew away by a window at which its owner was then standing. The lark being a favourite, its loss was much lamented: but it may be imagined what was the surprise of the people in the house, when, in about an hour and a half, the cat belonging to the same person, made its appearance, with the lark in its mouth, which it held by the wings, over the back, in such a manner, that the bird had not received the least injury. The cat, after dropping it on the floor, looked up to those who were observing her, and mewed, as if to attract attention to the capture. The lark now occupies its wiry prison, with the same noisy cheerfulness as before its singular adventure.

A Curious Fact.—There are in a pond, near the Powder Mills, Feversham, (England,) three trout, which have become so domesticated, as to come at the call of the person who feeds them, and actually leap from their native element to eat out of the hand of their feeder.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MATERIALS FOR THE KEEPING OF CHRISTMAS.

1. An absence of false religion; that is to say, of cruel opinions of the Almighty, and uncharitable opinions of each other.
2. A spirit that does not shrink at earning its enjoyment in-doors, by exercise in the cold weather.
3. Holly, or other evergreens, to stick about our rooms, and remind us of the never-dying beauties of Nature.
4. Plenty for all the house; and, if possible, for some poor neighbours.

5. A good blazing fire.
6. Chestnuts to crack in. Hickory nuts, mince-pies, plumb-pudding, &c.

7. The wassail-bowl; (the indispensable Christmas cup) a composition of spiced wine, or ale, occasionally mixed with eggs, and always swimming with roasted apples, which were called lamb's wool. This, with cake or bread, will alone constitute a Christmas repast.

8. Instrumental or vocal music, or dancing, or both, or all.

9. A short game of cards, out of charity, if some of the company cannot do without it.

10. Such other pastimes as the oldest remember, the sprightliest approve, and the dullest do not think absolutely degrading.

To this list we may as well subjoin a few

Authorities for Social Enjoyment, selected for the benefit of those "who prefer an authority to a reason," and will not be happy but on good precedent. To proceed chronologically, it is our chance to begin with the authority of

SOLOMON.—See his writings in general, the spirit of which, however, upon the whole, is somewhat too epicurean, in the ordinary sense of the word.

HOMER, the father of poetry, who, in the person of Demodocus, delights to unite music and good cheer.

SOCRATES, the first of philosophers; a dancer and symposiac.

PLATO, the divine; the great recommender of his manners and opinions.

ARISTOTLE; somewhat in the excess, we believe—like Solomon.

EPICURUS; vulgarly supposed to be a gross liver, but in fact, the most rational of enjoying ones.

EPAMINONDAS, the greatest of the active Greeks; an accomplished dancer and musician.

ALEXANDER the Great; in the excess.

CATO the Censor; a little over fond of his bottle.

PLUTARCH, the father of moral essay-writing; a symposiac and musician.

JESUS (if it be not thought profane to put him where he would not have scrupled to go himself) a fondler of little children, and a guest at wedding-dinners, where it is related of him that he even converted the water into wine.

ALFRED the Great; a practiser of minstrelsy, which in those days comprised jesting and the telling of stories: to say nothing of his being a notorious toaster of cakes.

CHAUCE, the father of English poetry: guess from his works.

MARTIN LUTHER, the first modern assertor of liberty of opinion; a great player of music, to which he said the devil had a natural antipathy.

MONTAIGNE, one of the most candid as well as shrewd of philosophers; a great advocate of genial, and sworn foe of melancholy customs.

CERVANTES the Inimitable; guess from his works.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY, the all-accomplished; a writer of holiday-masks.

SPENSER, whom Milton 'dared be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas;' guess from his works.

BACON, the great light of modern philosophy, famous for his high and hospitable stile of living. See also the evidences in his works.

GALILEO, the astronomer; remarkable for his hilarity and joyous tastes.

SHAKESPEARE, whose Twelfth Night was the last of his productions.

MILTON, the supposed austere Milton, who roasted Christmas chestnuts with his friend Deodati, kept gaudy-days (festive holidays) with the young gentlemen about town; and talks, in our favourite old sonnet, of light and choice repasts:

Of attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touched, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air.
He who of these delights can judge, and spare,
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. XXXVII. of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*Malek and the Princess Shirine*; by Holcroft.

THE TRAVELLER.—*Manners and Customs of the Neapolitans*; from the Journal of a Traveller.

LITERATURE.—*Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV. and the Regency*; by the Duchess of Orleans.

THE DRAMA.—*Theatrical Intelligence Extraordinary*.

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of Catharine, wife of Czar Peter I., and Prince Mensikoff*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*On Clothes*; by Dr. Kitchener.—*Swallowing of Clasp Knives*.—*Scientific and Literary Notices* from foreign journals.—*Natural History*, &c.

POETRY, GLEANER, RECORD, DEATHS AND MARRIAGES, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Q. R. S. is welcomed: we hope he will be lavish of his contributions.

"To Greece;" "The Wreck;" and the lines subscribed "Enrico," have been received. Disposed, as we certainly are, to give a preference to the productions of native talent, we could have wished that these pieces merited a place in the columns of the MINERVA. We regret, however, to say, that the "legitimate" poetry, in our possession, of "foreign growth," compels us, in the present instance, to prefer the latter to the former.

The proposed addition to "Scots who hae w' Wallace bled," is altogether beneath the strain of that patriotic and "soul-stirring" song.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!—HAMLET.

Marble has recently been discovered on the farm of Mr. George Shields, about two miles from Elizabethtown, N. J. The stratum appears to be of great extent and thickness, in quantity sufficient to supply any demand for the article. That next the surface is gray, beautifully veined; the lower part is black and white.

There was raised, the past season, on less than one acre of land, on the farm of Mr. John H. Powell, Powelton, Philadelphia county, nine hundred eighty-two and a half bushels of Mangel Wurtzel, closely cut beneath the crowns, and free from dirt. The crop of clean trimmed roots is estimated to weigh 46,756 pounds.

Within five years the transportation of goods from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, cost eight dollars per cwt. They are now transporting for two dollars.

The Historical and Literary and Philosophical Society of New-York, have, by a unanimous vote, elected Capt. Sabine one of their members, and have appropriated an apartment to his permanent use, in Columbia College, where he is pursuing his literary labours, and conducting his experiments with every facility such a situation can afford.

On the first day of December, 1823, at Newport, R. I. the little lively buzzing insect, the mosquito, was as busy and active as in midsummer.

MARRIED.

On the 10th inst. Mr. Richard Cox to Miss Mary Ann Trion.
On the 11th, Mr. Samuel Harned to Miss Abigail Woodruff.
On the 12th, Mr. Thomas B. Woodward to Miss Jane Child.
On the 12th, Mr. Nicholas Ludlum to Miss Sarah Ann Birdsall.
On the 13th, Mr. James Ackerman to Mrs. Ruth Brown.
On the 14th, Mr. John Mortison to Miss Mary Hare.

DIED.

On the 10th inst. Mrs. Sarah Brisbane, wife of Wm. Brisbane.
On the 10th, Mr. Garrit Sickles, keeper of the City Bridewell.
On the 10th, aged 27 years, Robert M. Sullivan, M. D. son of the late Mr. John Sullivan, of this city.
On the 11th, aged 43 years, Mrs. Sarah Williams, wife of Mr. Ezekiel Williams.
On the 13th, Mr. Harrison Spendlove, in the 49th year of his age.
On the 10th, Mr. Samuel Dougherty, in the 67th year of his age.
On the 15th, Mr. Thomas Hewett, aged 60 years.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY,

BY SAMUEL L. MITCHELL, M. D.

Valentin's Day, 1815.

Descending shows the earth o'erspread,
Keen blows the northern blast;
Condensing clouds scowl overhead—
The tempest gathers fast.

But soon the icy mass shall melt,
The winter end his reign.
The sun's reviving warmth be felt,
And nature smile again.

The plants from torpid sleep shall wake,
And, sur'd by vernal showers,
Their yearly exhibition make
Of foliage and of flowers.

So you an opening bud appear,
Whose bloom and verdure shoot,
To load ————'s growing year
With intellectual fruit.

The feather'd tribes shall flit along,
And thicken on the trees,
Till air shall undulate with song,
Till music stir the breeze.

Thus, like a charming bird, your lay
The listening ear shall greet,
And render social circles gay,
Or make retirement sweet.

Then warblers chirp, and roses open,
To entertain my fair
Till nobler themes engage her hope,
And occupy her care.

THE FARMER'S WIFE AND THE GASCON.

At Neuchâtel, in France, where they prepare
Cheeses that set us longing to be mites,
There dwelt a farmer's wife, fam'd for her rare
Skill in these small quadrangular delights.
Where they were made, they sold for the immense
Price of three sous a-piece;
But as salt water made their charms increase,
In England the fix'd price was eighteen pence.

This daniel had to help her on the farm,
To milk her cows and feed her hogs,
A gascon peasant, with a sturdy arm
For digging or for carrying logs,
But in his muddle, weak as any baby,
In fact, a gaby;
And such a glutton when you came to feed him,
That Wantley's dragon, who "ate barns and churches
As if they were geese and turkeys,"
(Vide the Ballad,) scarcely could exceed him.

One morn she had prepared a monstrous bowl
Of cream like nectar,
And wouldn't go to church (good, careful soul!)
Till she had left it safe with a protector;
So she gave strict injunctions to the Gascon,
To watch it while his mistress was to mass gone.

Watch it he did—he never took his eyes off,
But lick'd his upper, then his under lip,
And doubled up his fist to drive the flies off,
Begrudging them the smallest sip,
Which, if they got,
Like my Lord Salisbury, he heaved a sigh,
And cried—"O happy, happy fly!
How I do envy you your lot!"

Each moment did his appetite grow stronger;
His bowels yearn'd;
At length he could not bear it any longer,
But on all sides his looks he turn'd,
And finding that the coast was clear, he quaff'd
The whole up in a draught.

Scudding from church, the farmer's wife
Flew to the dairy;
But stood aghast, and could not, for her life,
One sentence mutter,
Until she summoned breath enough to utter
"Holy Saint Mary!"
And shortly, with a face of scarlet,
The vixen (for she was a vixen) flew
Upon the varlet,
Asking the when, and where, and how, and who
Had gulped her cream, nor left an atom,
To which he gave not separate replies,
But with a look of excellent digestion,
One answer made to every question—
"The Flies!"

"The flies, you rogue!—the flies, you gutting dog!
Behold, your whiskers still are cover'd thickly;
Thief—liar—villain—termagantizer—hog!
I'll make you tell another story quickly!"
So out she bounced, and brought, with loud alarms,
Two stout gens d'armes,

Who tore him to the Judge—a little prig,
With angry bottle nose,
Like a red cabbage rose,
While lots of white ones flourish'd on his wig,
Looking at once both stern and wise,
He turn'd to the delinquent,
And 'gan to question him, and catechise
As to which way the drink went.
Still the same dogged answers rise,
"The flies, my Lord—the flies, the flies!"
"Faha!" quoth the Judge, half peevish and half pompous,
"Why you're non compos."

You should have watch'd the bowl, as she desired,
And kill'd the flies, you stupid clown."
"What! is it lawful, then," the doct inquired,
"To kill the flies in this here town?"
"The man's an ass—a pretty question this!
Lawful? you booby!—to be sure it is.
You've my authority, where'er you meet 'em,
To kill the rogues, and if you like it, eat 'em!"
"Zooks!" cried the rustic, "I'm right glad to hear it.
Constable, catch that thief! may I go hang
If yonder bluebottle (I know his face.)
Isn't the very leader of the gang
That stole the cream!—let me come near it!"
This said, he started from his place,
And aiming one of his sledge-hammer blows
At a large fly upon the Judge's nose,
The luckless blue-bottle he smash'd,
And gratified a double grudge;
For the same catapult completely smash'd
The bottle-nose belonging to the Judge.

THE TEMPESTUOUS EVENING.

There's grandeur in this sounding storm,
That drives the hurrying clouds along,
That on each other seem to throng,
And mix in many a varied form;
While, bursting now and then between,
The moon's dim misty orb is seen,
And casts faint glimpses on the green.

Beneath the blasts the forests bend,
And thick the branchy ruin lies,
And wide the shower of foliage flies:
The lake's black waves in tumult blend,
Revolving o'er, and o'er, and o'er,
And foaming on the rocky shore,
Whose caverns echo to their roar.

The sight sublime enrapt my thought,
And swift along the past it strays,
And much of strange event surveys,
What history's faithful tongue has taught,
Or fancy form'd, whose plastic skill
The page with fabled change can fill
Of ill to good, or good to ill.

But can my soul the scene enjoy
That rends another's breast with pain?
O, hapless he, who, near the main,
Now sees its billowy rage destroy!
Beholds the foundering bark descend,
Nor knows but what its fate may end
The moments of his dearest friend!

TO THE MEMORY OF
EDWARDS, THE MINSTREL OF CONWAY.

BY MRS. HENANS.

On the wild breeze one plaintive tone,
Oh! Harp of Cambria! softly swell!
Let one sweet dirge his loss bemoan,
Who call'd forth all thy soul so well!
And taught thy chords that bold majestic strain
That never, never more shall breathe again,

The strain is hush'd—but oh! how long
Shall float its tones on fancy's ear!
When shall the spells of other song
Awake one feeling half so dear!
In many a daylight dream it lingers yet:
Oh! who that heard it once could e'er forget!

But when each heart that learn'd to thrill
Responsive to his varying lays,
Like his shall slumber cold and still,
Who e'er then shall be the Minstrel's praise?
When e'en the memory of his magic art,
With those who lov'd and mourn'd it, shall depart.

Ye Bards! the "latest Minstrel's" name
Demands a dirge for genius meet.
Oh! breathe for him the voice of fame
In numbers as his music sweet—
Well may that lay, though fled from earth, require
The meed of one that never shall expire.

Let his wild Harp of pealing tone
In Conway's towers deserted lie,
Where the light breeze's wing alone
May wake its murmuring melody!
For oh! since death has hush'd his lofty strain,
What mortal hand may touch those chords again!

The ivy of those mould'ring walls
Shall round it weave a deathless wreath:
The winds of those forsaken halls
Their wildest thrills shall o'er it breathe;
And call forth echoes of departed lays
Meet for that solemn scene, the wreck of other days!

THE CARRIER PIGEON.

Come hither, thou beautiful rover,
Thou wanderer of earth and of air;
Who bearest the sighs of the lover,
And bringest him news of his fair—
Bend hither thy light-waving pinion,
And show me the gloss of thy neck—
O, perch in my hand, dearest minion,
And turn up thy bright eye and peck!

Here is bread of the whitest and sweetest,
And there is a sip of red wine;
Though thy wing is the lightest and fleetest,
'Twill be fleetest when nerved by the vine.
I have written on rose-scented paper,
With thy wing-quill a soft billet-doux—
I have melted the wax in love's taper,
'Tis the colour of true hearts, sky blue.

I have fastened it under thy pinion,
With a blue ribbon round thy soft neck—
So go from me, beautiful minion,
While the pure ether shows not a speck.
Like a cloud in the dim distance fleeting—
Like an arrow, he hurries away;
And farther and farther retreating,
He is lost in the clear blue of day.

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER A HEAD OF SAPHO.

Look on this brow?—The laurel wreath
Beam'd on it like a wreath of fire;
For passion gave the living breath,
That shook the chords of Sappho's lyre.

Look on this brow!—The lowest slave,
The veriest wretch of want and care,
Might shudder at the lot that gave
Her genius, glory, and despair.
For, from these lips were uttered sighs,
That more than fever scorched the frame;
And tears were rain'd from these bright eyes,
That from the heart like life-blood came.

She loved, she felt the lightning-gleam,
That keenest strikes the loftiest mind;
Life quenched in one ecstatic dream,
The world a waste, before—behind.

And she had hope—the treacherous hope,
The last, deep poison of the bowl,
That makes us drain it, drop by drop,
Nor lose one misery of soul.

Then all gave way—mind, passion, pride!
She cast one weeping glance above,
And buried in her bed, the tide,
The whole concentr'd strife of love!

Epigram.

Dick, dost thou see them shops together,
A tailor's and a barber's?—Ay—
Dost think their business like each other?
No, in good sooth, not I—not I.
Why, Dick, they are as like as they can stare,
This fits you to a thread—that to a hair.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to Puzzles in our last.

PUZZLE I.—War-rant.
PUZZLE II.—Cotton.

NEW PUZZLES.

CHARADES BY A LADY.

I.
If e'er beneath my second's fragrant shade
My tuneful first should hover round your seat,
Let not my whole, with treach'rous art, invade
The promiss'd safety of the calm retreat;
Still free as air, O! let him gaily rove,
And carol, untrammell'd, the song of joy and love.

II.
From the keen blast, and tempest-boding sky,
To my bright first see shiv'ring Celia fly:
Around her seat my friendly next extends,
And now, unfeared, the threaten'd storm descends:
But soon, unless my whole afford its aid,
New dangers may assail th' unwary maid;
On her flush'd cheek too deep a blush may glow,
And prove my ardent first her unsuspected foe.

CHRONOLOGY.

A. D. The Christian Era.

- 386 Edict of Valentinian in favour of the Arians, and the council of Rimini.
- 387 Inroad of Maximus into Italy, who restored the worship of the Pagan deities, and built an altar to Victory.
- Troubles in Antioch on account of the taxes, appeased.
- 388 Maximus vanquished and slain near Aquileia, by Theodosius.
- Victor his son killed in Gaul.
- Incursions of the Franks into Gaul, who, after carrying off great booty, routed the Roman general.
- 389 Entrance of Theodosius, with his son Honorius, into Rome.
- Agelmundus, first King of the Lombards.
- 390 Massacre of Thessalonica by order of Theodosius, on account of an insurrection, in which the prefect was killed.
- The entrance of the church refused to the Emperor by St. Ambrose, who obliged him to do public penance.
- Arrival of Theodosius, and his son Honorius, at Constantinople.
- Eugenius usurps the empire in the West.
- 392 Valentinian, the younger, wounded by Arbogastes, died.
- Troops raised by Arbogastes in Gaul, and among the Franks.
- 393 Honorius declared Augustus.
- 394 War between Theodosius and Eugenius.
- The Emperor vanquished next day, gained a complete victory.
- Eugenius taken and put to death.
- Earthquake from September to November.
- Several towns swallowed up.
- 395 Death of Theodosius, the last who ruled the whole Roman empire.
- Arcadius, Emperor of the East; Honorius of the West.
- Stilico made peace with the Sicambrians and Franks.
- 396 St. Augustine made bishop of Hippo.
- Conversion of Frigilla, Queen of the Marcomanni.
- 397 Stilico declared enemy of the republic, at the solicitation of Eutropius.
- Death of St. Ambrose, bishop of Milan.
- St. John Chrysostom chosen bishop of Constantinople.
- A part of the Franks vanquished by the Romans.
- 398 War between the Romans and Gildo, son of a Moorish King, in Africa.
- Gildo defeated, strangled himself.
- His conqueror and brother, Masezel, precipitated into a river by order of Stilico.
- 399 War between the empire, and Tribigildis, a Goth, who was defeated, though favoured by Gainas, general of the Romans.
- Demolition of the heathenish temples and idols by order of Honorius.
- 400 Interview between Gainas and the Emperor Arcadius.
- Eudoxia declared Augusta.
- Italy invaded by Alaric, King of the Goths.
- Spain, and a part of Gaul, ceded to the Goths by Honorius. Stilico defeated.
- The errors in Origen's works condemned at Rome.
- 401 Birth of Theodosius, son of Arcadius.
- The Empress Eudoxia expelled the church by Chrysostom, for seizing a widow's property.
- 402 The Geou-gen Tartars, or the Avari, conquered Great Tartary, by defeating the Huns of the North.
- 403 St. Chrysostom deposed by Theophilus, of Alexandria, and other prelates, at the instance of Eudoxia: banished, but soon recalled by Arcadius, on account of a tumult among the people, and a great earthquake.
- Alaric, marching to Rome, is defeated by Stilico.
- 404 St. Chrysostom banished, and Arcadius promoted to his see.
- Extraordinary storm of hail-stones; Eudoxia's death in labour.
- 406 Italy invaded by Radagaisus, with 200,000 Scythians.
- His army defeated by the Huns and Goths.
- Radagaisus slain.
- First appearance of the Vandals.
- They were in part defeated by the Franks, or French, in Germany.
- 407 The Alani, Suevi, and Vandals, penetrated into Gaul, whence they marched to Spain.
- The Burgundians, commissioned by Stilico, seized a part of Gaul, and established a kingdom, which lasted till 534.
- Death of St. John Chrysostom in exile.
- 408 Death of Arcadius, accession of Theodosius II. his son.
- Stilico put to death for treason by Honorius, his son-in-law.
- 409 Siege of Rome by Alaric.
- It was taken and given up to pillage.
- Death of Alaric a few days afterwards.

THE MINERVA

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